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The Cat's Tragedy

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The Cat's Tragedy,

Shewing how an unfortunate young She-Cat was torn from her Father, Mother, and Friends, one dismal Night in November, 1833, and her piteous Cries, and happy Return. Written by Desire, and now first done into the English Tongue, by Richard Minshull, of the King's Arms, under-spoken, Printer, Salop Road, Oswestry. TUNE---"Auld Lang Syne," if you like.

THE KING's ARMS Cat, so fond of Fat,
In Sally's Basket crept,
And in her Gut some MUTTON put,
And then Puss soundly slept.
Three Ladies fair, were also there,
All on that Stormy Eve,
Who saw the Cat, which lik'd the Fat,
If Sally you'll believe.
Wet to the Skin, through thick and thin,
We chac'd the four that Night;
Yea, many Miles, past Gates and Stiles,
But could not get a sight.
The quick Pursuit, by us on foot,
Was by a Farmer told;
When this was known, poor Puss was thrown,
To brave the Wet and Cold.
Near the Hail-Stones, the Cat's poor Bones
Were doom'd to go to rack;
For Puss, they say, was thrown away,
When we to Town turn'd back.
But Deeds of Night, were brought to light,
For long the Kitten mew'd;
Through Hedge and Trees, she stood the Breeze,
And next Day I pursu'd.
I rode a Colt, which did me bolt
Three times upon the Ground,
And on my Back, I was, alack,
By Timothy once found.

At the Cat vex'd, and sore perplex'd,
Four Farmers did me cheer;
Which made the MAN, (you'll eas'ly scan)
And not the COLT, so queer.
To WIKEY Town, and up and down,
In vain I chas'd the Cat;
Through WIGMARSH too, (depend it's true)
And EARDISTON was at.
I saw the four, who stoutly swore,
They knew nought, plain and flat;
Although thought I, these Women lie,
About my white She-Cat.
But soon, alas, it came to pass,
When I'd return'd to Town,
That one confess'd, among the rest,
What I've above set down.
Now Puss was found, upon the Ground,
About the Break of Day,
And to the Hall, you Pradoc call,
Was kindly borne away.
Here she was sought, and quickly brought
To the King's Arms once more,
By one who rose, from her repose.
To seek the Country o'er.
COUNSEL's Advice I'd in a trice,
Free, as I went along,
About my Cat, who gnaw'd the Fat,
To make it in a Song.